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Poetry.

Ego and Echo.

A PHANTASY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

I asked of Echo, 'tother day,
(Whose words are few and often funny)
What, to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love and matrimony?
Quoth echo plainly:—"*Matter-'o Money!*"

II.

Whom should I marry?—should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,—
A pattern of inconsistancy;
Or selfish mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply:—"*'Nary flirt!*"

III.

What if,—aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,—
She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more; can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, with decision:—"*Leave her!*"

IV.

But if some maiden with a heart,
[illegible] venture to bestow it;
[illegible] should I [illegible] the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, very promptly:—"*Go it!*"

V.

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid,—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo rather coolly:—"*Let her!*"

VI.

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly:—"*Get out!*"

VII.

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious Death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*):—"*Take her!*"

New York Ledger.

Miscellany.

GUY MARCHMONT'S FARMING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Guy Marchmont had arrived at a decision: a very important epoch in the young gentleman's life, when it was the first time, in years, that he had displayed energy enough to express an opinion on any subject.

Now he had decided within himself that life, this beautiful life of ours—was a vile cheat.—he brought his jeweled white hand down on the table with emphasis, as he exclaimed,

"Yes an abominable cheat! A farce! An illusion! I am weary of it!"

"Weary of what!" queried his friend, Dr Frank Eastman, entering the room just in season to hear the concluding clause of Marchmont's remark.

"Weary of living! I tell you, Eastman, life is a bore! There is neither savor nor salt in it! For my part I wish I had never been born! I should have been a great deal better off!"

"No doubt. But what are you going to do about it?"

Eastman had taken a seat in a velvet cushion ed chair, and began to cut the leaves of a new magazine with Marchmont's gold-mounted folder.

"Do! Ah! that question is to the point!—Here am I—twenty six years of age—with the fair prospect of as many more years to exist. Now, what shall I do with myself through all that dreary time? Give me your opinion."

"Thank you for the privilege, and permit me to say, Guy Marchmont, that you are a contemptible fool!"

"What! Sir!" Marchmont sprang to his feet in a passion; Eastman leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Ha! ha! Good! I like that! Your manhood is not all dead within you, though it is very nearly at its last gasp. But there is always hope when sensation can be aroused."

"Eastman," said Mr. Marchmont, with an effort at dignity, "if any other man had applied that epithet to me which you just used, I would have called him to a strict account. You are the only one from whom I will bear such language, for, with all your discourtesy, I believe you mean well."

"I do. My very plainness testifies it. None but a sincere friend can afford to offend by speaking the truth. And because you know know that my friendship is of a nature to bear testing, I am going to be still more discourteous and give you a brief biography of your life Guy Marchmont, of Boston, twenty six years of age, is tired of living. He has had enough of the cheat called life. The said Guy is handsome; talented, if he were not so lazy; "a great catch" and worth about one hundred thousand dollars. He has made the tour of Europe, travelled over the States, and been admired by the ladies with whom he came in contact. He has flirted with, made love to, and become disgusted with, full threescore of city belles. He declares marriage a humbug, and regards woman as a creature whose sole trade is to get married and settled. And now, at the ripe age of twenty-six, having run through the programme, he is anxious to throw up his engagement, shuffle off the stage, and hide behind the green curtain of the grave. Is the description correct?"

"You should be an artist, Eastman. Yours is a perfect picture."

"Well then; allow me to proceed. You are rusting out, soul and body. You are a mere cipher, a blot on the fair page of life; the world is the worse for your having lived in it; the air is impure for you, and for thousands like you, who have breathed it. And now, one question. Would you be willing to reform this miserable existence of yours? Reform it altogether?"

"Yes, if it would not require too great an effort."

"Humph! Guy Marchmont, rouse yourself! Be once more a man! I have no patience with you, and such as you! Go to work! Try labor, hard, physical labor, the kind which creates an appetite, and forms solid bone and sinew! Make its acquaintance in good earnest! It is the only thing that can save you from moral and physical shipwreck!"

"What shall I do! Hire out to shovel gravel on the railway, at seventy cents a day? Or would you advise me to turn my attention to farming? I have an idea that I could build a grand stone wall, or hold a plough *comme il faut*." And Marchmont held out his delicate white hands for his friend's inspection.

"The very thing!" cried Dr. Eastman, with enthusiasm. "Just what I was about to recommend! Yes, go to farming by all means! There is poetry in a farmer's life, more real poetry in one day beneath the blue summer sky, on the wild, free hills of the country, than you would find in ten year's city dissipation! Yes, Marchmont, farming is the thing for you!"

At the time Guy Marchmont gave his friend's advice little heed, but afterward it occurred to him that Frank Eastman was a sensible fellow, and that his opinion was entitled to some consideration.

Why should he not reform his idle life, and become, in the true sense of the word, a man! There was enough of him left to achieve something yet. He had been unpardonably indolent and useless, but his powers had not been destroyed; they were only latent, and needed but an effort of the will to call them forth.

What if he should make an experiment?

Already the year was bringing along the early April crocuses and snow-balls; before long it would be summer, and then everybody would leave the city for the watering places. He detested watering places. Niagara, Saratoga, and Newport he had "done" to death. Farming had a pleasant sound for him; farmers were independent.

He would buy a farm. Yes, a farm of his own. And then he could do as he chose with his turnips and cabbages, without the interference of any landlord. Westmore, some 50 mile from Boston, he had heard praised for the fine farms in it; and for W. he bent his course.

He looked at the paper to find the hour the train left for W. Precisley 6 o'clock. That was 2 hours before his usual time of rising, but he guessed he could endure it for once. And the next morning he astonished all his friends by reaching the depot in season for the first train. His early breakfast and his brisk walk had produced quite an effect on our indolent friend, and he experienced considerable exhileration as the cars swept through the fresh woodlands, and over the smooth, green intervales. Westmore was reached long before dinner, and, to his great amazement, Marchmont felt a decided appetite for the beefsteak and omelettes that graced the table at the "Roaring Lion."

Dinner dispatched, he proceeded to make inquiries touching the saleable farms in the vicinity; and before sunset of that day, with the help and countenance of "mine host," he found himself the proprietor of a red farm-house and fifteen acres of land, situated three miles south of the village of Westmore.

Three weeks afterward Mr. Marchmont took possession of his new estate, to which he was accompanied by his housekeeper, Mrs. Grant, and his French cook.

This much accomplished, Mr. Marchmont felt strongly inclined to subside for a season, and enjoy a little rest; but his neighbors, as neighbors will be, were much interested in the new comer's business, and would permit nothing of the kind. They sought every opportunity of informing him that it was full time to commence operations, if he calculated on having any harvest to gather, and assured him that he would never be a farmer unless he begun ploughing in April.

So, perforce, Mr. Marchmont was obliged to keep on in the path he had chosen. He hired farmer Brown to plough his ground for him and obtained the old man's advice as to which particular plot would be suitable for corn and which for potatoes.

And one fine warm morning he came down from his chamber at six o'clock, clad in blue frock, overalls, and straw hat. Mrs. Grant lifted her hands in amazement, and the voluble French cook exclaimed, "*Parbleu!*" with more than her usual emphasis.

On this day Mr. Marchmont proposed to inaugurate himself as a farmer, and, retaining only his black kid gloves as evidences of his city breeding, he was ready to begin. Farmer Brown had promised him his oxen to "harrow" his corn lot; and the great awkward looking brutes were standing in the barn yard when Marchmont went out—Brown having sent them over an hour previous.

Our hero surveyed the mammoth creatures with some little doubt in his mind as to his capability of managing them; but he could try. It would never do to confess he did not know how to drive oxen. So he let down the bars, and told "Buck" and "Bright" to go out of them. Buck and Bright stood still, chewing their cuds, apparently entirely oblivious of the existence of Mr. Guy Marchmont. He exhausted his ingenuity in vain attempts to force them to leave the enclosure; Buck whisked off the flies with his long tail, and gazed philosophically at the distant landscape; Bright laid down on the soft ground and indulged in a siesta. At length, a luminous idea seized Marchmont. He produced two ears of corn, and by holding these in his two hands, and going backward down to the intervale, he succeeded in piloting the animals thither without much trouble.

Once on the spot the amateur teamster's courage revived; he shouted "get up," and at the same moment, gave the oxen a smart successive touch with the point in the end of the goad. The effect was charming. Buck threw up his huge head with an angry bellow—Bright did likewise—and both set off at a smart trot, bearing with them Mr. Marchmont, who had caught at the horn of the sprited Bright.

Farmer Brown was a slow, methodical man, and, although he kept up the olden fashion of a "brad" in the end of his goad, he would as soon have thought of using it on his favorite horses as on his sleek, fat oxen. No wonder the creatures were surprised at the presumption of the new driver.

Marchmont kept his hold on Bright's horn with determined pertinacity, and tried to feel delighted with the speed his team was making. At that rate all his harrowing would be finished before noon, and leave him a chance to rest before dinner. His complacency was somewhat disturbed by the shout of a passing school-boy.

"Hello, there, Mister! Yer harrow's wrong side up!"

But wrong or right, it was no time to stop to rectify mistakes. "Onward" was Marchmont's motto just then, and it could not well be changed. He was a little dubious as to the result of the affair; but not so with Buck and Bright. On they went—the extremity of the ploughed field was reached and passed—there was a path with no turning. Marchmont's attempts at stopping them were futile; all he could do was to hold on and trust to fate.

Across a drain, over a low stone wall, through a yard where an elderly lady was spreading clothes, and into a shed animate with fowls of the hen species, went Marchmont and his span! From sheer exhaustion, the unlucky farmer dropped off just outside the door; and as bad fortune would have it, he fell directly on to a hen-coop, in which was domiciled a savage hen, and her newly hatched brood of chickens.

Madam was enraged at the intrusion, and brought her forces to bear on the enemy with spirit and address. Marchmont fought with both hands but he was no match for the infuriated mother. She pecked, cackled, scratched and kicked up such a dust generally, that our poor friend was fain to call lustily for help.

A pretty, rosy-cheeked girl came out from the adjacent farm house, and stood for a moment gazing curiously on the scene. The half-suppressed merriment burst forth in a silvery laugh before she volunteered her aid, and took off the fluttering bird; inquiring at the same time if the gentleman had experienced any injury.

Poor Marchmont! he would much rather have been killed in an honorable way, than have met the half quizzical gaze of those black eyes fixed upon him and his disgraceful predicament.

He endeavored to apologize for his unceremonious entrance on his neighbor's estate, but the girl interrupted him.

"Please do not mention it," she said, demurely—"from the kitchen window I witnessed the whole drama, and can testify that you were not to blame."

"Yes, that is—I—madam—it could not well be prevented," stammered our hero.

"Allow me to assist you in rising." She held out her small, brown hand, which Marchmont seized as a drowning man is supposed to seize the classical straw.

"Now, come into the house," said the good fairy, "you will want to wash your face, I should imagine."

Marchmont followed her in, and while she was bringing water and towels, he took the opportunity to look in the glass. No wonder that she had suggested a bath! Marchmont was horrified at his appearance. His face and shirt bosom were plastered with mud and dirt—his immaculate dickey was turned completely hind part before, with the strings dangling down in front, and his black gloves were split from fingers' ends to wrist. Besides, his fine Grecian nose was ploughed up by the ferocious talons of that old hen, and the blood, oozing slowly down through his highly prized moustache, gave him anything but a pacific appearance. He wondered greatly that the young lady was not afraid of him.

After a plentiful ablution, and the use of a comb on his slightly deranged hair, Mr. Marchmont was more presentable; and the young girl, whose name was Florence Maybright, sent her little brother George home with him to drive the oxen, which were quite tractable under the discipline of their juvenile master.

And for three days afterward, Guy was confined to his bed, his impromptu ride and its *denouement* having been too much for him. But instead of being disgusted with farming, as one would naturally have thought he would have been, he was charmed with it and determined to persevere.

He was very constant at church, though Parson Jones talked through his nose, and preached long, dull sermons. Probably the singing attracted him, for there was a fine tenor, and a clear, soft alto; but his attention was given to neither of these; and through the whole service he would scarcely turn his eyes from the beautiful face of Florence Maybright, who sang the air. Of course, he would not have acknowledged this, but then the whole congregation was aware of it; and Parson Jones was dreadfully scandalized by the irreverent conduct of the new comer. But a fifty dollar bill, dropped into the old man's hand one "collecting evening," changed the current of the parson's feelings.

Mr. Marchmont attempted no more "harrowing" himself, but employed farmer Brown to perform that interesting process for him; and afterward, with the help of a hired man, his planting was done and his garden made.

The corn and potatoes came up beautifully, so the neighbors said, and the newly-fledged farmer thought so too. He began his hoeing, and during that process the potatoes "came up" a second time, for, in his zeal to exterminate the weeds, Marchmont dug up all the ugly little plants, in the notion that they were weeds too.

In fact, his mistakes were legion. He mistook "button weeds" for cabbage, and *vice versa*; uprooted his carrots and left the knot grass standing; poured boiling water on his turnips to kill the fly, and performed that operation for the turnips while the flies sailed away uninjured.

The old farmers called him a blockhead, and the young farmers designated him "the Boston greenhorn;" but the pretty girls admired his handsome face and applauded his perseverance.

In the meantime, our hero's complexion had changed from white to red; he had gained ten pounds of flesh; and had an alarming appetite, as his French cook could testify.

Marchmont's rural friends advised him to purchase a cow. It would be so much more economical to have milk and cream at home, instead of sending out for it, they urged; and Mr. Gray had for sale a nice, gentle creature, with a most amiable disposition, and a wonderful capacity for milk. Mr. Gray valued this admirable quadruped very highly, but for the sake of accommodating his new neighbor, he would part with her for the small consideration of fifty dollars. Mr. Marchmont closed the bargain at once, and "Placid" was driven over to her new quarters.

The next question that arose was a perplexing one. Who was to milk Placid? Mrs. Grant was terrified at the sight of a cow, and La Folie, the cook, would not have ventured near one for all the frogs in Christendom.—Marchmont undertook the performance himself. But he soon found that he had miscalculated his own powers, for, do the best he could, the little puny stream of milk persisted in flying everywhere save into the pail. Into the face of the milker, over his hands, against the yard fence, and on the ground—but into the pail—never!

At length the proverbially gentle cow became weary of the method of procedure; she elevated her amiable heels in the air, and over went the three-legged stool, over went the pail, and over went the luckless Marchmont; while Placid, totally indifferent to the ruin she had wrought, bolted from the yard, and began to devour our friend's few remaining cabbages!

One side of the milk-pail was totally demolished; Marchmont's patent lever watch was smashed to atoms, and there was a bump on his head just above the organ of self-esteem, which would have delighted a phrenologist by its size and prominence.

That was the last time that Placid was ever milked in Westmore; for the very next day she was sold to a drover for fifteen dollars.

The next purchase was a pig, and from the moment of his advent at the farm, Marchmont's peace of mind was ended. The pig was a right lively fellow, and possessed of an enquiring disposition. He had no notion of being restricted as to territory, but required room to spread himself, and to "root." This privilege was denied him in his pen, and consequently he was continually breaking prison, and getting into difficulty which only his master's purse could remedy.

He devoured the widow Jenkin's apples which were drying on a board before her door; masticated Miss Smith's embroidered muslin collar while it was bleaching on the grass; frightened Jim March's children into hysterics; eat up Deacon Green's fine potatoes, and rummaged the corn and potato fields for miles around. Poor Marchmont was in a continual fever about that pig, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof.

One day, he spent half the morning in securing his pigship in the sty, and well satisfied with his achievement, and thoroughly tired out, Marchmont came into the house, and flung himself down on the sofa. Scarcely had his head touched the pillow when in rushed a neighbor's boy, exclaiming,

"Sur! that pig of yourn is out, and into Mrs. Wallace's garden, gulping down the beets and tommytoes! Mrs. Wallace is raving!"

Marchmont sprang to his feet, and, coatless and hatless, sallied out in the direction of Mrs Wallace's garden. The pig spied him coming, and, at once divining what was up, the sagacious creature darted through a hole in the fence, and fled down the road at the height of his speed, followed closely by his proprietor.

The race was a trying one. Piggy had a wonderful facility for bounding over ditches and fences, and then bounding back again, a very vain and useless proceeding, Marchmont thought.

A woman was coming up the road. Our hero saw her, and without regard to ceremony, he cried out:

"Head him! there, ma'am! Head him! don't let him go by!"

The woman threw down some work which she was carrying, and, seizing a stick from the hedge, she did as requested. The "heading" acted like a charm. The pig was surprised and nonplussed by this reinforcement of the enemy. He hesitated, turned, and fled in the opposite direction; paying Marchmont the compliment of a grunt in passing.

The lady now came up, and piggy's owner pulled out a half dollar with the intention of remunerating her for her trouble, when he discovered, under her sun bonnet, that she was none other than Florence Maybright. She blushed; he blushed too.

"I beg you, Miss Maybright," he began, "to believe that I did not recognize you when I made that ungentlemanly request."

"I am always happy to assist one who is in difficulty," she replied with, serio-comic air.

Marchmont caught her hand with ill concealed delight.

"Then stay with me forever, for I am forever in difficulty!"

Florence cast down her eyes.

"Had you not better be looking after your pig?" she asked innocently.

"Confound the pig!"

It is to be presumed that the natural charity of Florene's disposition prevailed over all other considerations, for on New Year's Eve she gave her hand to Guy Marchmont. And later in the season, all Boston was astonished by the advent of Mrs. Marchmont, the loveliest of all lovely women.

Frank Eastman declares that he made the match; and, from present indications, it would seem that he has a proclivity for that business, being engaged in making one with Florence's pretty sister, Nellie, for himself.

Marchmont adores farming; and speaks of farmers as the only class of men in the world that he can trust.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

QUERY FOR GARDENERS.—To get new potatoes in good season, is it necessary to plant a knurly variety?